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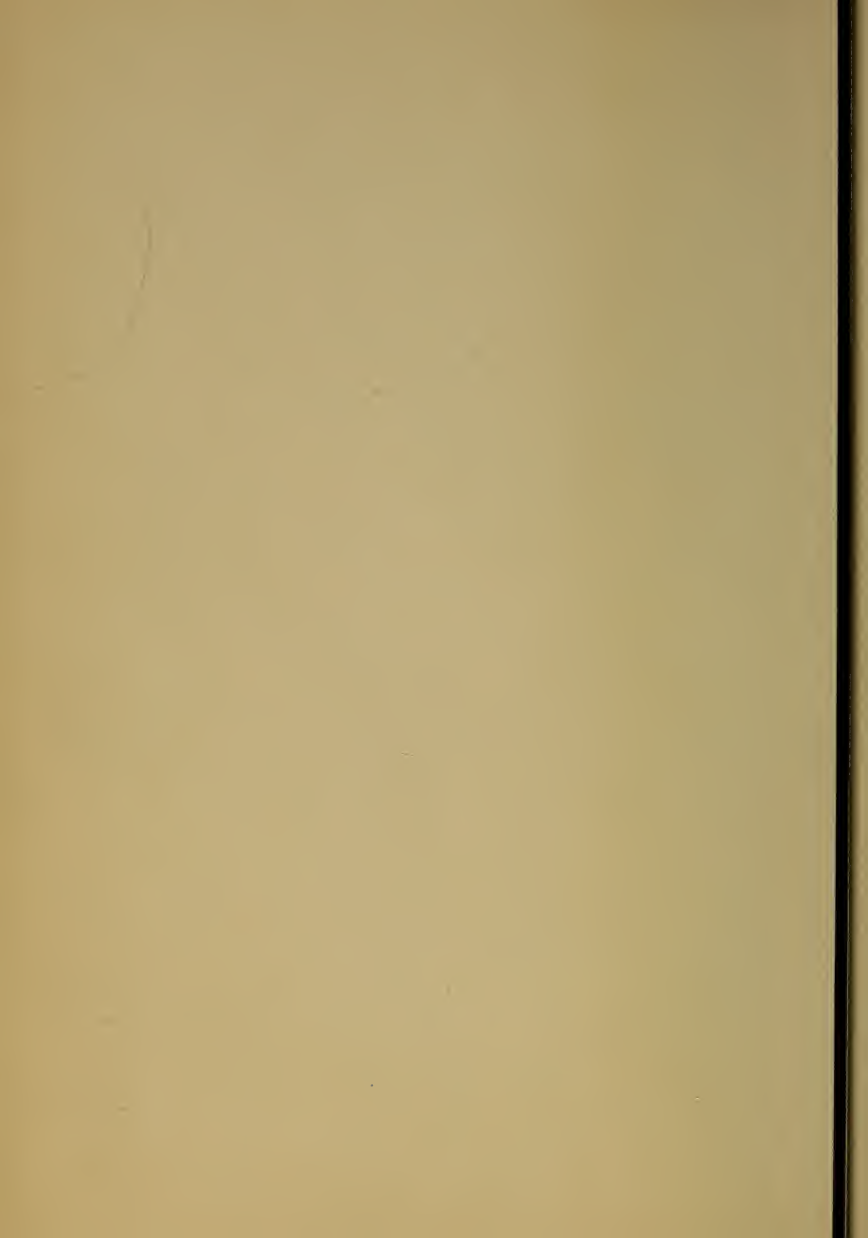
The Anointing In Bethany"

and OTHER POEMS

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FOREWORD

For many years—more than fifty of them—the writer of these verses has been practicing the art of poesy, chiefly for his own enjoyment. Many of the little things he has written have appeared as fugitive pieces in various publications, but this is the first attempt to gather some of them together in booklet form; and this is done in order to please personal friends, some of whom have expressed the desire that they should appear in print.

A few years ago, certain partial friends went so far as to call the writer the “double” of Edgar A. Poe! Whether such an intimation should be deemed complimentary, or otherwise, may be questioned, but that it was not taken too seriously may be inferred from the fact that he introduced the recital of some of his verses soon afterwards with the following lines:

Kind friends here assembled, I fain would confess,
And ask your forgiveness—so find slight redress—
For trying to fool you, since all surely know
That I am not I, but am—Edgar A. Poe!

Perchance you have heard of the story by Hale,
How one’s “double” undid him, perhaps of the tale,
Full of merriment, nonsense and rollicking mirth,
Of the babies exchanged at the time of their birth.

The truth of these stories I will not deny,
And, if others believe them, there’s no reason why
You, too, should not swallow them down at a gulp,
And, later, transform them to sense—or to pulp!

But begging your pardon for fooling you so,
I’ll undo myself quickly, while Edgar A. Poe
Will recite, *sotto voce*, a few of his rhymes,
Manufactured to order and “up to the times!”

Thus much for a “double” and what he might do!
Not a tear need be shed o’er such quibbles by you,
For this is cold truth—and each one should know it—
If I am not I, I’m not Edgar A. Poe-t!

Notwithstanding the many pleasant things that friends have said relative to his verse, the writer knows very well that what may sound pretty to the ear, when recited, may look otherwise in cold type, and so he puts his little venture forth with a measure of hesitancy. He hopes, however, that some of his

many friends may find a momentary pleasure in looking over these verses—at least a fraction of what he himself has experienced in writing them. Thomas Wentworth Higginson once said that he hoped for no more delightful employment in Heaven than that he found in his literary labors. The writer, with becoming modesty, would wish to say something similar. There is no more enjoyable labor than that experienced in writing out, as best he can, one's thoughts and sentiments.

Moreover, as these verses are intended only for dear friends, the author knows that they will be swift to find excuses for mistakes in rhyme or rhythm, and in weaknesses in sentiment or thought; and that they will receive them cordially, chiefly because they are the creations of a friend. Sometimes a smile will be evoked by a bit of humor, or the eye may dim a little over a tender line, or the face will light up or the heart leap at the perusal of a passage of some beauty or worth. Cheered by this hope, he makes this little venture and sends his tiny booklet to YOU!

—G. S. R.

The Anointing In Bethany

*"And the house was filled with the odor of the ointment."
—John 12:3*

Six days before the joyous Paschal time,
When Israel's children sped with gladsome cheer,
And journeyed back from many a far-off clime
To celebrate this great feast of the year;

When every wide highway was thronged with men
Who forward fared to keep the festal days—
To solemnize the Passover again,
And lift to God on high their grateful praise;

Then Jesus also came to Bethany
(Where He had often lodged with friends before,
Who loved to have him of their company)
To share with them the sacred rites once more.

There Simon who was healed of dread disease
Invited Him to dine as honored guest,
And heaped the board with dainty luxuries
And viands rare, befitting feast so blest.

And with him also came the little flock
That shared His joy and also bore His grief—
John, the beloved, Simon, surnamed Rock,
The doubter, Thomas, Judas, and, in brief,—

Andrew and Philip, James, Bartholomew,
Thaddeus, Simon—please omit the rest—
Faint-hearted, fearful, faltering and few—
A feeble band of followers at best!

The shades of night were falling silently,
And here and there a twinkling star shone forth,
Like gleaming lamp seen through the darkening sky,
While evening's calm came brooding o'er the earth.

The darkling night presaged, perchance, the pall
So soon to fall and shroud Him with its gloom—
Such horror as the stoutest would appall—
The buffeting—the scourge—the cross—the tomb!

But, as He upward gazed beyond that doom,
The light of hope and faith gleamed in His eye,
And radiance broke forth amid the gloom
Like sunset glory flaming in the sky!

What may have been His converse none may know,
Save that He spake with calm and gracious mind,
And that His voice was soft and sweet and low,
And that His words were lofty, wise and kind.

Now as the feast fared on, John's beaming face
Lighted with radiance, and Simon's shone,
While dark'ning doubt o'er Thomas' swept apace,
And sullen Judas gloomed and glowered alone!

"And Martha served," with busy, eager feet,
Brought food and drink, and sought with anxious care
To satisfy the need of each, as meet
For good house-wife—to serve her chosen share!

Still Martha serves! We prize her careful way,
As sweeping, washing, mending, baking, now,
She ministers to us, and each new day
Fulfills her trust and keeps her marriage vow!

For Martha is a type, both fine and true,
Of woman; it is part of God's good plan
That some should serve—should stitch and bake and brew—
To clothe the naked—feed the hungry man!

Yet, who shall doubt there's nobler mission still
Than making clothes or bread for human need?
And some fine souls there are who fain fulfill
That higher, holier, choice of life, indeed!

For such fine service—beautiful and sweet—
Had Mary come to render Jesus there—
To pour her costly nard upon His feet,
And tenderly to wipe them with her hair!

So passing through the group of faithful friends—
Her cruse of ointment filled full to the brim—
With face alight and heart aglow she bends
And breaks the box and pours the nard on Him!

I wot her eyes were beaming then with love,
I wot they were anon bedimmed with tears,
I wot her face shone as with light above,
I wot her soul was freed from cares or fears!

With heart abrim with love for her dear Lord,
Who called her brother Lazarus from the grave,
She gave with lavish hand, nor could afford
Give less unto her Master than she gave.

And so she spilled the costly fragrance forth,
And poured her fond heart's love upon Him, too,—
Ointment more precious, aye, of priceless worth,
And that is all the noblest soul could do.

The nard is spilled! And yet throughout that house,
Like grateful balm, its odors lade the air,
And from those feet, above which Mary bows,
The sweetest fragrance goes forth everywhere!

Where'er a heart is heavy, or a sigh
Sobs out from sorrowing soul, or but a tear
Falls silently from sad and weeping eye,
This fragrance goes to give its grateful cheer!

Where men are weary, worn with work or care,
Or vexed because of burdens borne in vain,
Or bowed beneath the galling yoke they bear,
This fragrance falls and palliates their pain.

Aye, through the whole wide working world, indeed,
That costly ointment has not yet been spent,
But still pours forth its fragrance for our need,
And cheers our hearts, and gives to us content.

Oh, precious ointment, costly, subtle, sweet,
Fill every home and heart with thy blest balm,
Flow forth in floods from those anointed feet—
O'erwhelm the weary world with peace and calm!

'Tis said, "Never a rose without a thorn;"
And never blessing that's unmixed with bane;
While noble men of women still are born,
Throughout the world some craven souls remain.

Though that blest room was radiant with cheer,
 One of the company—a scornful boor—
 Spake out these words, with lips curled in a sneer,
 “Why was this nard not sold to feed the poor?”

“Three hundred pence the priceless drug would bring,
 And that would purchase food for much sore need.”
 His words were false—without the honest ring—
 For his base soul was full of griping greed.

Then Jesus spake in words of tender grace,
 “Rebuke her not; she hath done what she could;
 The poor always abound in every place,
 And always one who will may do them good.

“Throughout all lands, where listening ear is found,
 Where'er the Gospel shall its wealth unfold,
 This woman's deed—the whole wide world around—
 For a memorial shall still be told!”

Thus spake, and bent o'er her His beaming face,
 Alight with love, with gentle grace serene,
 As when the sunlight falls athwart a place
 And makes it flame as with celestial sheen.

And Mary's upturned face was all aglow
 With rapture, and her eyes shone like a star,
 The while she spake in measured tones and low
 Fond words that seemed like music heard from far.

But Judas slunk away with scowling face,
 With hate and envy raging in his breast,
 While shadowy night drew on with hastening pace
 To give him chance to do the priests' behest.

So Judas fell that he might take his way
 Down through the deeps of the infernal gloom,
 Where never comes a solitary ray
 To pierce the blackness of his awful doom!

But while no rose that blooms is without thorn,
 No thorn, mayhap, is found without its rose;
 No night so long but soon will come the morn,
 No day so dark but soon will come its close!

On Jesus' weary feet by Mary's hand
 The ointment rare and odorous was spilled,
 And as it yielded up its fragrance bland
 The whole wide house with redolence was filled.

And shall we say that precious nard was lost?
Did it not soothe and comfort those dear feet,
And recompense in full the lavish cost
By filling all the house with odors sweet?

Shall we accept, forsooth, the monody
Of that fine, pensive poet, Gray, who sings,
With witching, memory-haunting, melody,
Of hidden gems and flowers as wasted things?

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Those lovely gems in ocean's caves
Perchance may deck some being fair,
Or shine resplendent in the hair
Of some wild tenant of the waves!

Who knows what happy haunts may be
Beneath the waves—what jewels rare,
And glorious diadems they wear—
Those unknown dwellers in the sea?

"To blush unseen?" And dost thou think
There are no eyes but ours to see?
Or thrall'd by crass utility
Dost value only food and drink?

"And waste its sweetness?" Ah, who knows
What nostrils revel in that scent,
What eager face is o'er it bent,
To what far clime its fragrance goes?

A million eyes may see that flower,
A million hearts by it be blest;
And millions more, though now depressed,
May find in it both peace and power!

Does only man delight in bloom?
Who knows what creatures, calm and grave,
Gloat over gems beneath the wave,
Or pleasure find in rare perfume?

And the good God is everywhere!
His eyes behold each flashing gem,
Or it may deck His diadem—
He knows where blooms each flower fair!

He hides, perchance, in ocean's caves
 Those gems of purest ray serene;
 The blushing flowers by Him are seen,
 And all their fragrance rare He craves.

There is no waste; no good is lost;
 A kind word spoken—good deed done—
 Will comfort give the while the sun
 Doth shine, and cheer above all cost!

The pebble dropped in some still lake
 Makes ripples wide and wider go—
 To where its farthest waters flow,
 Till on some far-off shore they break.

The song that's sung with charming voice
 Doth set athrill the very air,
 And dissipate distressing care,
 And make the sorrowing soul rejoice.

That soul is sordid, cold and hard,
 That always thinks of cost or waste—
 That madly cries,—“Oh, run with haste—
 Forbid that Love shall spill that nard!”

That mind is craven, low and mean,
 That chiefly thinks of things of sense—
 That seeks alone for recompense
 In things that can be touched or seen!

Oh, surely in this world of God's
 There are some things worth more than gold,
 For all our blessings manifold
 Are not composed of earthen clods!

Ah, finer far and sweeter still
 Are odors quite impalpable,
 Yet charged with fragrance, capable
 The great wide world with balm to fill.

The incense of a worthy deed
 Exhales its fragrance through all space,
 And sweeping on from place to place
 Before God's throne doth also plead!

The essence of a gracious word
 Is always spending—never spent;
 Nor can a stone-deaf ear prevent
 Its softest tone from being heard!

For every noble deed of love,
And every word of hope and cheer,
Will heal some hurt, wipe off some tear,
Help make the earth like Heaven above.

The dear Lord's feet go everywhere—
On trackless paths they toil and strain—
Are weary still and full of pain;
Come, Mary, make those feet thy care!

The little children's toddling feet,
Or feet of aged, tired and torn
By rugged rock or troublous thorn;
Come, soothe them with thine ointment sweet.

If we in hunger, thirst or pain,
Do unto Jesus as to men,—
Come, Mary, with thy nard again,
Let not thy heart its love restrain.

If just a cup of water sweet
For thirsty child shall win reward—
And so once spake our gracious Lord—
'Tis not in vain to bathe tired feet.

That nard, though priceless, was not lost,
But blesses yet this world,—and will
Exhale its fragrance ages still,—
A thousand times above its cost.

"Three hundred pence!" If glittering gold
Can give the dear Lord's feet such rest,
And make the weary world so blest—
Go, spill thy nard like her of old!

Aye, give to Jesus richest, rarest gift—
The costly ointment with its rich perfume—
Go, ease some yoke, some burden help to lift—
Anoint again His body for the tomb!

The richest offering is not too rare,
Nor is nard wasted spilled upon His feet;
Dole not your gifts with calculating care,
For only lavish love for Him is meet.

Oh, measureless, indeed, the wondrous grace
He gave to us when He came down from Heaven,
And bore the cross for our poor sinful race—
He gave Himself that we might be forgiven.

While we had strayed from home far, far away,
Were steeped in sin and spent with struggles vain,
He came to lead us back the homeward way—
He shed His blood to wash out every stain.

Can we bring gift to Him too fine or rare?
Or render service fitter than is meet?
Our richest gifts would only be too bare,
Though all the world were spent on ointment sweet!

Then pour your nard, like Mary, on His feet,
And bathe them gratefully with falling tears,—
Such service would please Him, because I weet
Such kindness comforts—such affection cheers.

Aye, give Him love unmeasured, boundlessly,
Bring not the paltry gifts of power or pelf;
Give Him thine all, how much so e'er it be,
Thy time—thy talents—ah, my soul—thyself!

At the Lord's Table

We come once more about Thy table, Lord!
Whereon are spread the tokens of Thy love;
Join Thou our hearts to Thee in one accord,
The while descends the Spirit from above.

May each fond soul be filled with tender grace—
Each bosom thrill with love and peace and power;
And make for us like holy ground the place
Where we shall spend with Thee this sacred hour.

And while Thou to this tryst shalt come unseen,
May fond disciples bend above Thy feet,
And pour the costly nard on them again,
The while this house shall fill with odors sweet!

GIVING—SERVING—PRAYING

Man gives in money, but receives in soul;
He gives a paltry part yet keeps the whole,
For God gives back the double for his dole—
 So doth repay.

Man gives in service and the while grows sweet—
Empties himself but so becomes replete,
For God doth give him blessing beyond mete—
 Such is God's way.

For though man toils, his toiling makes him strong,
The more he labors, though he labors long,
The more God fills his life with joyous song
 And grateful love.

And, so in praise, the while he joyous sings,
His song is swift upborne, as if on wings,
While God to him the richest blessing brings
 From Heaven above.

So, if he prays, while he still pleads in prayer,
Kind angels, swiftly passing through the air,
Will free his soul from fear and fretting care—
 Oh, sweet release!

Then give and serve—go, toil, or sing, or pray—
To Jesus consecrate thyself each day,
And life will be delectable alway
 With heavenly peace!

"THE SIGHING OF THE PRISONER"

—Pslam 79:11

Have you listened to the sighing of the prisoner in his cell?
Have you heard his broken tale of want and woe?
Have you seen him in his cell—
His despair have heard him tell—
Anything of his deep anguish do you know?

Did he falter once and stumble, did he do some shameful deed?
Did he stain with hue of crimson hands once white?
Led by lust, perchance, or greed,
Or by some o'ermastering need,
Did he lift his hand some fellowman to smite?

Did he then become a craven, cringing criminal, forsooth?
Did he violate the law of our dear Land?
Why not smite him without ruth—
"Eye for eye and tooth for tooth"—
And, vindictive, smite him down with brutal hand?

Ah, I know what many say,—
"As men sow they also reap!"
"Let the cruel anguish rankle in his soul!
Let him sigh, or let him weep,
Vainly close his eyes for sleep,
While the waves of woe, remorseless, o'er him roll!"

Listen, brother, and let pity in your stony heart be born!
Some compassion for the hapless prisoner feel;
Do not look on him in scorn,
As he sits and sighs, forlorn,
Let your face some sign of sympathy reveal.

Oh, the sighing of the prisoner, once as innocent of bane
As the baby gently sleeping on your breast;
Now his brow is ridged with pain,
And his hands show many a stain,
And his heart with shame and sorrow is distressed.

Come, my brother, like the Master, o'er his sin in pity bend;
Breathe a prayer in his behalf, or drop a tear;
Is he friendless? One dear Friend
Will not leave him to the end!
Carry to the hopeless felon Gospel cheer!

—February, 1902.

POLAND SPRING

One day, red-lettered in the book
Wherein I trace fond memories,
We drove o'er hill and dale and brook,
And through the whispering trees,—

Until we reached the shining crest
Of Poland's famous Ricker hill,
Whereon—the object of our quest—
The fine old "Mansion House" stands still,—

A rambling hostel—new, yet old—
It counts a hundred years or more—
But finer now by many fold,
For Pilgrims' shelter as of yore.

Thither we drove that summer day,
Through piney woods and up the hill,
And whiled the restful hours away—
My wife and I—Florence and Will.

We ate and talked and walked about,
From fretting care and business free,
The while the light played in and out
From shady bower to shelt'ring tree.

Black-Cat loomed up a bit away,—
A frown still resting on his face,
Great hills were heaped on hills that day—
Piled all about the glorious place.

Far o'er the hills the mountains White
Upreared their bold and craggy crests,
While nearer, basking in the light,
The lazy lakelets made their nests.

That day of placid, calm content—
That day of days can I forget?
The golden hours with Edward spent—
With Hiram, Sarah, and Jeannette!

—June, 1917

"FOUR SCORE AND NINE"

"The time draws near the birth of Christ,"
When happy children shout with glee,
And carol songs so merrily,
Proclaiming far the birth of Christ.

And now we celebrate her birth,
Who for four score and nine long years
Has lived in spite of cares or tears
Her life so beautiful on earth!

Those happy years! Four score and nine!
Each brought its meed of joy and beauty,
And each day lent its chance for duty,
And each hour proved a golden mine!

She thriftily dug the riches out
Of gleaming gold, without alloy—
Of peace and love, and deepest joy,
And shining faith, undimmed by doubt.

She drank of nectar, sweetest cup!
And on ambrosia did feed,
Giving the while most earnest heed
Life's highest service to take up.

And so the happy years ran on—
One score, two score, three score and ten—
The years apportioned unto men,
And still her life's work was not done.

Four score, and now four score and nine!
And yet her face is passing fair,
And lovely is her snow-white hair,
And in her eyes shines light divine!

We know thy secret, Grandma dear!
The fountains of eternal youth
Were found by thee in springs of truth,
And purest love, and Godly fear.

Thou didst drink deeply of these springs,
And, lo! the crystal waters clear
Made thee more fair from year to year,
Like Him—"with healing in His wings."

For though full many a year has fled,
Still thou art fair, and thou art young;
We greet thee yet with cheerful song,
And crown with chaplets gay thy head.

And when thine earthly years are gone,
May heaven's portals open wide
To give thee access to His side
Who, all the way, has led thee on!

"The time draws near Christ's day of birth"—
And thou art four score-nine to-day!
God give thee Christmas all the way,
And make thy passing late from earth!

In celebration of Grandma Gibson's eighty-ninth birthday, December
20, 1897, Faribault, Minn.



LUXURIES

Shall Christians lend themselves to luxuries,
And waste their wealth in foolish, careless ease?
No, No! While over all the great, wide world
Vice, crime and sin defiance have unfurled;
And grinding greed and preying poverty,
And griping grief and maddening misery,
Are driving millions into black despair,
Shall I serve self, nor make these souls my care?
While in the city slums—on prairies wide—
Where mountains rise, or oceans roll their tide—
"In Darkest Africa"—on India's strands—
One suff'ring, sobbing, sinful soul still stands,
While deepest want and woe for pity plead,
While children cry for but one crumb of bread,
Their little bodies cold from lack of dress,
Their little hearts depressed by dire distress,
While far and near the crime-and sin-defiled
Wander distraught—"half-devil and half-child"—
While heathen die, unshrived and unforgiven,
And seek in vain to find the way to heaven,
Shall I, Christ's follower, repose in ease,
And waste my wealth my selfish soul to please?

Forbid it, God! nor blast me with the blame
Of giving gold to purchase easeful shame!
O, Angel, with thy pen that's dipped in flame,
Write not such infamy against my name!

BATES COLLEGE—"SIXTY-SEVEN"

A half a century has gone
Since we—a band of boys just grown—
Left these dear halls to journey on
Through paths untrod, to parts unknown.

In 'sixty-seven we numbered eight,
But, as the years sped on their way,
One and another passed the gate
That opens into endless day.

Their names we speak with falling tear—
Our fond old mates of 'sixty-seven—
Heath, Parsons, Rand and Stockbridge, dear,
And Wood; these five have gone to heaven.

Yes, five "old boys" have gone to heaven
And only three still answer, "Here!"
We numbered eight in 'sixty-seven—
We number eight this fiftieth year!

I feel their presence in the air,
I hear their voices jocund—grave,
I see their faces young and fair,
Their laughter rings out clear and brave.

Just note that genial smile of Heath;
That dignity on Rand's strong face;
We'll twine of immortelles a wreath
Above their mouldering forms to place.

At Parsons' sallies, Stockbridge' wit,
We laugh again as oft of yore;
At Wood's sedateness, as if it
Were surely sign of wisdom's lore!

Ah, here they come! We still are eight
Who tread again these classic halls;
Though five have passed beyond the gate,
Still eight are here within these walls.

We left these halls, a youthful band,
To take our way through paths untrod,
And, scattering widely through the land,
To build our temples unto God!

Now, fifty years and their emprise
We "boys" have come to celebrate;
To look each in the other's eyes,
And dear old memories relate;

The pranks we played—or goodly deeds
That won applause from partial friends—
How each fond memory recedes,
While distance to it halo lends!

Ah, dear “old boys,” we cannot stay
To tell the half of these tales o’er;
The night would fail—and breaking day
Would scarce diminish memory’s store.

Then we were boys—but now old men—
And fearless fared forth to the fray;
We dared to scale the steep heights then,
And tireless sped the upward way.

But now we climb with halting pace,
The heights no longer lure us on;
To younger feet we yield the race—
Ambition with its spur is gone.

Aye, we are old—the whitening hair,
The toothless jaws, the faltering feet,
Proclaim that we, once young and fair,
Life’s pilgrimage will soon complete.

Hail, Doctor Given! “Grand old man!”
Hail, Doctor Sleeper! Dear “old boy!”
Your classmate, youngest of the clan,
Greets you with heart athrill with joy!

Hail and farewell! For soon we part
To meet no more, perchance, for aye;
With trembling lip and throbbing heart
These last fond farewell words we say.

And yet once more, “old boys,” good-night!
’Tis time to ring Life’s curtain down!
We’ve “done our bit”—“finished our fight”—
God give to each the victor’s crown!

And, dear old Bates, to thee, farewell!
We go our ways to come no more,
A few more days and we shall dwell
With those already “gone before.”

’Tis sunset now—“the evening star”
Glow far across the western lea;
The daylight fades,—we’ll “cross the bar,”
And sail—and sail—the shoreless sea!

*Read at the Reunion of the Class of '67, Bates College
Lewiston, Main, June 1917*

IN MEMORIAM

We come once more with chaplets fair
To deck our honored dead,
And flowers place with loving care
Above each head.

High honor for the sacrifice
Made in the civil strife!
Doubt not they won the noblest prize—
Who lost their life!

At Gettysburg—the Wilderness—
They bravely fought and fell;
On many a field of bloody stress
They now sleep well!

High praise for those who nobly died,
Nor blenched with thought of fear;
We honor these who still abide,
But those hold dear!

Again the battle-call is heard—
War's fierce and clamant roar;
"To arms!" they cry! "Gird on the sword,
And fight once more!"

E'en though the country asks for life,
It must be freely given;
No man will shirk from awful strife
Who merits Heaven!

Aye, in the cause of truth and right,
True heroes risk their all,
And heed—so keep their honor bright—
Their country's call!

To-day, as in that other time,
Our boys are in the van,
And bravely fight in far-off clime,
And die—for man!

We sing their deeds of valor true—
The grand heroic brood—
Who did the noblest man could do,
Aye, shed their blood!

*VanEman, Patterson and Roell—
Their names shall never die!
What boots it where, or how, they fell?
They live on high!

*Died in the Spanish war—all from Farfbault, Minn.

This is indeed, the same grand stock,
As fought in times of yore,
As true as steel, as firm as rock,
Now as before!

Those were the sires and these the sons
Of one dear land and name;
'Tis written large—he reads who runs—
Their deathless fame!

Sleep, soldier dead! Nor fearful start,
Though fiercest battles rage;
Heroic blood still thrills the heart
In this grand age!

We light our torches from your flame
That glows with splendid zeal;
God help us keep from stain or shame
The Commonweal!

Hail, then, great heroes! You and they
Who fought and nobly died!
The living—dead—in grand array—
March side by side.

Our garlands fair we gladly bring
With words of highest praise;
And their brave deeds we proudly sing
In glowing lays!

Accept, dear soldiers, this brief song—
Fond tribute ere you part;
Emotions, memories, troop and throng
And thrill the heart!

The glowing face, the moistening eye,
The quivering lip, reveal
The fonder thoughts that deeper lie—
How much we feel!

And now no more—the tear will start—
The trembling lip will tell—
Just one more word—'tis from the heart—
Hail and—Farewell!

A RIDDLE

Some years ago—how long I will not say—
My wife was forty, and I forty, too; (42)
Ten years thereafter, to the very day,
When I was fifty, she was fifty, too! (52)
And as the years rolled by—about a score—
When she was seventy, I was seventy, too! (72)
And if we chance to live a decade more,
I will be eighty, and she eighty, too! (82)
Now, solve my riddle, any one who can,
And tell what years my gracious wife shall don,
For I will fain admit—as truthful man—
That I—this very day— am seventy-one!
—May, 1918



THE GRAND ARMY

Tears for the dead who bravely died,
And flowers to deck their graves;
But cheers for these be multiplied—
The still surviving braves!

Those nobly died to save the land—
Their lives, heroic, gave;
These nobly live—the Army Grand—
Our tributes they shall have.

The Army Grand—our soldiers dead—
On loftiest scroll of fame,
When its fine record shall be read,
Be found each honored name!

Honors for these as those who died,
On each Memorial day;
Let their great deeds be magnified
In glorious speech or lay!



SMILES

“A man may smile and smile and villain be,”
So Shakespeare wrote three hundred years ago;
But still a man may frown, and frown, while he
Is all the bigger rascal as you know.
I'll choose the smiling man—or friend, or stranger—
Enjoy his smiles, e'en though his heart be base!
The man that frowns involves the double danger
Of being villainous as well as void of grace!

THE WHEEL

I mount my wheel and take a spin,
And leave dull care behind me;
I breathe the tonic ozone in,
While passing scenes remind me
That life is fine and sweet and fair,
When whirling as one pleases,
For trouble flies, and carking care
Is borne off on the breezes.

Then mount your wheel and spin away—
The bright glad world entices;
Flee from the blues—the fret and fray
Of vexing ills and vices;
Aye, fly away to flowery fields,
Exultant with each vision;
The whirling wheel elixir yields,
And maketh life elysian!



THE WHEEL IN JUNE

Oh, who of us all would not laugh and be gay,
As he mounts his "still steed" and glides swiftly along?
And who of us all would not frolic and play,
While he gurgles with laughter, or breaks into song?

For the sun shines so brightly, the grass is so green,
The birds are so joyous, the sky is so blue,
As all Nature were striving to make every scene
More full of refreshment—our life to renew.

Away, then, away! From the shop and the mill—
From the city's hot streets, with their strain and their
strife;
Ride away to the woods and the lakes, cool and still,
Inhale their deep peacefulness into your life!

There's no doctor so gentle, no physic so mild,
No balm that will give weary bodies such dole;
Take your wheel and away, my disconsolate child,
Ride out to the woods, breathe their balm, and be whole.



BOTH WAYS

When morning breaks and breezes cool
To buoyant life make brisk appeal,
On business bent, or work, or school,
I mount and forward urge my wheel.

When evening comes and work is done,
And all my limbs a-weary feel,
Too tired to walk—what zest and fun
To mount and homeward guide my wheel!

"THE CHAINLESS WHEEL"

A chainless wheel? Aha, aha!
List while I tell you of my dream:
I rode one night both fast and far
A chainless vehicle—'twould seem!
A wheel that bore me as on wings
Above all transitory things,
A "silent," shooting, star-like steed,
That carried me with lightning speed,
When suddenly I had a shock—
Just like a "header" on a rock!
But as I rubbed my swollen head,
I found I'd fallen out of bed!

My winged wheel of flashing gleam
Was but the fabric of a dream!

Since then I ride with snail-like pace,
And let the younger fellows race.
I sleep at night—by day I ride,
That "chainless wheel" o'er regions wide!



"IL TROVATORE"

Was it real or but seeming,
Was I waking or dreaming,
Was that music of angels or only of men?
'Twas as "fairies" were dancing
To light measures, entrancing!
Shall I ever regale on such sweet strains again?

Dulcet tones, mem'ry-haunting,
Soft, delicious, enchanting,
Sweeping onward in billows of exquisite sound!
Mellow, charming, bewitching—
Needy spirit enriching,
As the waves of sweet melody compass me round!

What superlative gladness,
What mellifluous madness,
Make the mind to o'erflow with fond fancies galore!
How they exorcise badness,
How they dissipate sadness,
How they lift up the life to high plane evermore!

Here's my song as a token
Of warm tribute, bespoken
By a heart deeply grateful—what need I say more?
Play once more for our pleasure,
In melodious measure,
That delectable trio from "Il Trovatore."

On hearing a trio arranged for violin, flute and piano, from "Il Trovatore," Eureka, Kansas, 1900.

G. H. R.

(Sept. 10, 1879-1900)

Sure I am growing deaf! What's that you say?
Not twenty-one years old, my boy, to-day?
Why, only yesterday—it seems to me—
I dandled you, a baby, on my knee!

And you are twenty-one—a grown-up man!
I cannot understand—try as I can—
How time has flown away so very fast,
And all these years so speedily have passed!

What's that? "It's true, and you are going to vote?
Are old enough to make a legal note?
To buy and sell, and have your own estate?
And as a man with men expect to rate?"

It must be true, now that I stop to think,
For every year I draw more near the brink
Of that dark stream that limits life's brief day—
Its waters soon will sweep my bark away!

Indeed, 'tis surely true; I now recall
'Twas twenty-one glad years ago this fall
Since you began to fill our home with joy
And thrill our hearts with happiness, my boy!

Ah, me! how fleet the flying years have fled,
As onward with their sunshine they have sped!
And what dear memories they have left behind
To stir the spirit and to cheer the mind!

How many pleasant words—how many smiles—
How much of sunshine—treasured afterwhiles—
How many tears for some brief ache or smart,—
And—sometimes—anguish deep to wring the heart!

But all my tears to-day are quite forgot,
And I am full of joy—oh, happy lot!
For on this day that you are twenty-one
My heart o'erflows with love for you, my son!

God bless you, Georgie! keep you true and pure;
Help you, what'er befall, like rock endure;
Lead you right onward up the King's highway;
Bring you, at last, to dwell with Him for aye!

WHEN THE BABY CAME

When the dear baby came, many long years ago,
My fond heart was transported with glee;
Though eagerly longed for one never could know
What a darling that baby would be!

When the dear baby came—while the sun was quite low,
Yet a light beamed so bright in my breast,
That the rays of that glorious orb gave a glow
That, by contrast, seemed dull in the west!

When the dear baby came, her face made it light,
As if night had been turned to mid-day;
And the dear baby's cry made me wild with affright,
While her smile made me mad—in a way.

When the dear baby came, all the house was so still
Lest the sweet little sleeper should wake,
And I tiptoed about, like a lunatic, till
The glow of the morning should break.

When the dear baby came—a wee bit of a girl!
She was instantly crowned as a queen!
And I yielded, forthwith, an obedient churl,
To her sway over all my demesne!

When the dear baby came—ah, delight! what a day!
Shall I ever forget its deep pleasure?
How the tears from my eyes kept dropping away—
Tears that told of a joy beyond measure.

When the dear baby came—ah, so long, long ago!
Forty years, and still more, have since fled—
Forty summers' fierce heat, forty winters' cold snow,
Have swept on with the years as they sped.

When the dear baby came—then my future was fair,
And the blood in my heart was aflame;
Now my face wrinkles so, and my head is so bare,
I forget—almost—when baby came.

When the dear baby came—how the time speeds along!
And my years will full soon all be told,
While they sweep swiftly on, or in sadness or song,
Till the last fateful year is unrolled.

When the dear baby came—now the sun in the west
Is again sinking down into night;
And my heart, once so strong, scarcely throbs in my breast—
I have almost finished my fight.

When the dear baby came—then my face was aglow,
And my heart with high hope was aflame!
Now it scarcely is beating, life's flame flickers so,
I forget—almost—when baby came!

"WHEN THE BABY WENT AWAY"

Oh, how dark that dreary day
When the baby "went away!"
In the skies the heavy clouds were hanging low;
Dark, indeed, within the door,
For our hearts were grieving sore,
As we watched the little darling gasping so.

Hushed our voices were and still,
Crushed our hearts with brooding ill,
And our eyes with blinding, scalding, tears were full,
For the pallor on her face
Showed that death swept on apace,
While the flames once flashing in her eyes grew dull.

Now another gasp for breath—
One last struggle sharp with death,
And the pain-racked, suffering little form was still;
Broke in sobbings then our grief,
While we found in tears relief,
And submitted to the mandate of God's will.

"When the baby went away,"
Though so drear the gloomy day,
Still a "light that never was on land or sea"
Thrust the dismal clouds apart,
Shone like flame within my heart,
And dispelled the awful gloom enshrouding me!

For she left the gates ajar
To that blessed land afar,
And its sweetness and its splendor soothed my soul;
There was seen the great "white throne,"
And the Shepherd, with "His own"
Safely folded while eternal ages roll.

We can see our baby still
Stretching down her hands, until
They reach almost to this troubled, sorrowing earth;
Aye, we feel her loving touch,
And remember that "of such
Is the Kingdom" into which she then had birth.

When the baby went away—
No more dreary is that day,
For she opened wide to me the pearly gate!
She enriches now my life,
Calms its passion—stills its strife—
Spurs it onward—makes my heavy heart elate.

When the baby went away,
As an angel then she lay—
As an angel now she seems to speak to me;
Bids me take life's burden up,
Bravely drink the bitter cup,
Cheerly forge my forward way though rough it be.

Ah, how large has life become!
Thrills anew the life, then numb,
With the glorious hope and promise Death has given!
For I know her budding soul,
While eternal ages roll,
Will be blossoming with blessedness in heaven.

And such glory given to her
To my soul shall serve as spur
To be truer, purer, holier, day by day;
For she liveth still—ah, me!
And Death's vaunted victory
Lost its venom—"when the baby went away!"

KNITTIN'

My dear wife? Why she is knittin'; and my girlies? Knittin', too;
You can hear their needles clickin', clickity click!
They are knittin' on the sweaters and the hose and helmets, too,
They will send them to the soldiers mighty quick!

Some are knittin' by the fireside, some are knittin' on the street,
Everywhere I hear their needles, clickity click!
They are knittin' while they're talkin', knittin' like "the band
to beat!"
Bet their knittin's goin' to make the Kaiser sick!

Some are knittin' in the churches while the prayers are bein' told,
As if knittin' socks were holy, just like prayer!
And their knittin' keeps the soldier boys from bein' sick or cold,
So that knittin' here's like fightin' "Over there."

You can hear their needles clickin', while they're talkin',
clickity click,
And the sweaters swiftly grow both wide and warm;
You can hear them talkin', talkin', with their fingers flyin' quick,
"We will keep the soldiers 'comfy' in the storm!"

And they're prayin' while they're talkin', prayin' that the war
may cease;
And their hearts are almost breakin' with their grief;
And the mothers, wives and sisters, and yet dearer ones than
these,
Thus are findin' for their breakin' hearts relief!

Oh, they're knittin' and they're cryin', while the soldier boys
are dyin';
Some are fallin' in the trenches, some are drownin' in the
sea!
God in Heaven! hear us callin', "Smite this monster, world-
defyin'!
Grant, Lord, straightway, that the world at peace may be!"

—April, 1918

OLD GROUCH

I know a man—his name is Grouch!
He lives just down the street;
His face is long and lean and—ouch!
It reaches to his feet!

Whate'er the topic be of speech—
Or war, or mayhap, peace—
Such grim prognostics he will preach,
Flight only gives release.

I chanced to meet him on the mall
One bright and glorious day,
But gloom hung round him like a pall
And shut the light away.

His face was longer than my arm,
His chin dragged on the ground!
He prated loud of frightful harm
That threatened all around.

He claimed that Russian Slavs were slaves,
That Germans peddled germs,
That submarines beneath the waves,
Would bring the world to terms!

He filled the very air with gloom
That made the day like night;
His fetid breath reeked of the tomb,
And quenched the sun's sweet light.

I turned and ran—alack, the day!
As never ran before—
Till those dark shadows passed away,
And light broke forth once more.

Give me—and this my daily prayer—
The man who smiles and smiles!
For he deports my gloom and care
For miles—and miles—and miles!

“KEEP SMILING”

I have a friend—his name is Smiles!
I meet him when I may;
I sense his coming miles and miles—
His face lights up the way!

His glowing face seems always glad
With cheer unmixed with rue;
You cannot make your face look sad
When his beams out on you!

I love to meet him on the street,
Or by the fireside warm,
For wheresoe'er you chance to meet
He comes with grace and charm.

I met him once, not long ago,
When all around was drear;
When all our tidings reeked of woe
And death and deadly fear;

But when I saw his shining face
And heard his cheerful voice,
A light shot through that gloomy place
That made my heart rejoice.

“No matter if the skies are black
And thunders roar without,
The shining sun will soon come back
And put the gloom to rout!”

This, in a word, is his brief creed—
He lives it every day,
“No matter what your loss or need,
Keep smiling all the way!”

“Smile at the sunshine or the rain,
Whatever be the day!
If gloomy, still sing this refrain—
Keep smiling all the way!”

I have a friend—his name is Smiles!
He lives across the way,
But I would travel miles—and miles—
To meet him any day!

TOASTS

Mr. T.—

Restrained is he, of sober speech and motion,
Discreet in judgment—scrupulous in deed;
Of fervent piety and warm devotion,
He's "in the world"—not "of" its grasping greed!

Mrs. T.—

Demure and mild as she, indeed, is fair;
She waits to speak till others first have spoken;
How she delights the Master's yoke to bear!
Long may her thread of life remain unbroken!

Mr. M.—

Tall and robust—a man of giant form,
Of lofty character and generous soul—
Of kindly spirit, gentle, genial, warm,
No truer heart doth beat from pole to pole!

Mrs. M.—

She is like Martha, serving still with care;
Like Mary, too, she sits at Jesus' feet,
And drinketh in his words of wisdom rare—
Upon His errands also runneth fleet!

Mr. H.—

A childless man, and still the children cling
About his chair or clamber on his knee;
He loves to hear their merry laughter ring—
Delights to join them in their childish glee!

Mrs. H.—

As shy as a fawn and as fair,
As placid and calm as the sea,
With a glimmer of light on her silvery hair
And a smile on her face standeth she!

Miss B.—

A fair, sweet face, refined by grace,
A cultured mind, a kindly heart—
Her gracious way from day to day
Shows her wise choice—"the better part!"

Mrs. R.—

"Fair, fat and forty!" Aye, and more!
How much she weighs? I dare not tell!
How many years of smiles and tears?
On such sad themes I must not dwell!
But she has sat across from me
And poured my coffee, calm, benign,
And given me good things to eat—
"How many years?" A score and nine!

GRATITUDE

Dear Lord, how can I offer Thee
In grateful song, spontaneous, free,
Such praise as is Thy due?
How can my sinful lips declare
The gracious love and watchful care
That swathe, enwrap me, everywhere,
And keep my life so true?

Should I devote to Thee my life,
So full of sin, with passion rife,
That were a gift so small,
My pulsing heart would throb for shame,
And set my conscious face aflame,
That I should thus misprize Thy name—
My hope, my heaven, my all!

For Thou, dear Lord, hast given to me,
From sin and guilt to set me free,
Thyself in agony;
Though rich, didst put Thy riches by,
In shame upon the cross didst die
That I might be exalted high,
And share Thy majesty!

Dear Lord, the richest gift I know—
So poor it is, and mean and low—
Is naught compared with Thine!
Yet, gratefully I fain would bring
My sinful self—the only thing
I have; accept my offering,
And it becomes divine!



A MILLION YOUTH

A million youth, with hearts aflame,
Uplift their grateful praise,
To Thee, O God, with glad acclaim,
Their joyful hymns upraise.

A million youth, aglow with love,
Bow at the close of day,
And, while they raise their thoughts above,
Devoutly kneel to pray.

A million youth, with holy zeal,
And clad with gospel grace,
Go forth in faith to save and heal
The sin-sick human race.

A million youth! how many a soul
May find the fold straightway!
"A million youth!" Now be the goal—
"A nation in a day!"

"WHEN GEORGIE COMES"

"When Georgie comes—"
We'll ring the bells and beat the drums,
And, like a rabble or a rout,
We'll "whoop 'er up" with song and shout,
And wake the echoes all about—
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
At these bare words how heaves and hums
My bosom—not with pain distressed,
Nor yet by spirits fell possessed—
But that all life takes on new zest,
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
Quick as a wink up go my thumbs,
For Georgie says, "Thumbs up!" says he,
And what he says will "go" with me,
And what he says will surely be—
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
We'll heave away the scraps and crumbs,
And toothsome things will "mammy" bake—
Like apple pie and "devil's cake,"
With prime roast beef and juicy steak!
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
Off to the winds with blue "doldrums!"
I'll laugh and shout just like a boy—
Choke full and running o'er with joy—
Unmeasured bliss, without alloy—
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
Anticipation fond benumbs
My spirit—makes my heart stand still,
Sends down my spine a wondrous thrill
That paralyzes me—until—
"Dear Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
Upon my heart-strings fear still thrums,
For when he comes he cannot stay,
And barely comes when comes the day
That he—alack!—must go away—
"When Georgie comes!"

"When Georgie comes—"
How much like life! For, when he comes,
We laugh and chat with him awhile,
Then suddenly we cease to smile,
For he goes back o'er each long mile—
"O'er which he comes!"

OUR SAINT PATRICK

Long years ago there lived on earth a holy saint
On the green isle of Erin—land of story—
Who spent himself in service for the weak and faint,
And died, at length, with honors crowned and glory.

Full many legends quaint are told about this man;
Some full of sense—and some not worth the telling!
You may, forsooth, believe these stories, if you can,
But I am fain to think their authors fond of selling!

But howso'er that be—Saint Patrick was his name—
One story that they tell of him was surely shaky,
Yet we will cast upon the dear old saint no blame,
For none, indeed, would call Saint Patrick "snaky!"

'Tis said, he drove the snakes away from Erin's coasts,
And kept the serpents quite without her borders,
So that the dweller on that favored island boasts
His home was freed from snakes by Patrick's orders.

This is the story of saint Patrick, as I've heard—
You may believe such nonsense, if you're willing—
But I, incredulous, will not accept a word,
Such "snaky" legends seem to me to be too killing!

But turning, now, from this dear lustrous, ancient saint,
Although his name still shines with splendid glory,
With few and simple strokes I'm going to paint
Our own saint Patrick—not the saint of olden story!

He goes with friendly word and smiling face his way—
So greeting those who seem above, or 'neath him,
A friend to all, and more to such as need, they say,
A gentleman, indeed, as all will say who know him.

His step is firm and stout his brawny arm, his eye
Now flashes scorn at some base deed or other;
Anon it sparkles with a bit of mirth, or humor dry,
Then beams with love as if you were his brother!

His hair is growing white, his ears are dull, 'tis said—
Of middle size and age, though young in seeming—
But you'll discover ripened wisdom in that head,
Or I have "missed the mark" and been but dreaming.

Pat Landergin—that is the modest name he bears—
Saint Cattleman we'll dub him in this story;
Or we will name him our saint Patrick, since he wears
So worthily that name of immemorial glory!

"BE OF GOOD CHEER: IT IS I."

Upon the sea
Of Galilee
Once tossed a little boat,
'Gainst which the wind,
With blast unkind,
Wildly and rudely smote.

The oarsmen moiled
And tugged and toiled
Yet scarcely forward moved,
While leaping high
Mad waves rushed by—
The stoutest courage proved.

But as they wrought
With danger fraught—
No hope in sea or sky—
In great alarm
Of mortal harm
From waters mountain high—

In mute surprise,
Their anxious eyes
Beheld a spirit Form
Walk swift and free
Upon the sea,
As though He scorned the storm!

But while they gazed
Perplexed, amazed,
As He was passing by—
"Be of good cheer,"
In accents clear,
He cried out, "It is I!"

The raging sea
Of Galilee,
As though it heard, grew still!
To-day the same
In power and name—
Wild tempests heed His will!

He calls to-day
Amid the fray—
Bids us dispel all fear.
Listen, while He
Who stilled the sea
Cries out, "Be of good cheer!"

Why shake and start,
O trembling heart,
When storm-clouds sweep thy sky?
Above the storm
A glorious Form
Cries cheerly, "It is I!"

1620-1900

Prelude—

Cold and yet colder beat the wintry wave
Upon the shores of Plymouth long ago;
Fierce and yet fiercer did the wild winds rave—
Rude greeting to brave men, distraught with woe.

Backward we turn our eyes—far back to-night—
To gaze once more upon those doughty men
Who braved all danger for the sake of Right,
And in our verse contrast the Now with Then.

Song:

Then scarce five scores of souls strode on that shore,
Now many millions throng this teeming land;
Then prowling Famine crouched at many a door,
Now corn and fruit abound on every hand.

Then towering forests shut the sunlight out,
Now fruitful fields and farms stretch everywhere;
Then dread and darkness flung their gloom about,
Now song and cheer make glad the very air.

Then stealthy savage skulked about each hill,
His arrow sped, or scalping knife did wield,
Now busy marts of trade, and shop and mill,
With flying loom, their plenteous products yield.

Then ruthless Nature vied with man as fell
To make the life of Pilgrim drear and cold,
Now Nature smiles and brothers next us dwell,
And generous Arts with fond embrace enfold!

Here Letters, now, and gentle Faith spread wide
Their favors, where life then was stern or sad—
The schools and churches, standing side by side,
The hillsides dot—the gleaming vales make glad.

Aye, Freedom's blazing torch shines o'er the land,
And far and wide its glory blazons forth;
Truth's flaming beacons flash on every hand,
Glad tidings publishing to all the earth!

Finale:

Then sing and shout—proclaim the tidings glad,
For God hath given His grace with generous hand;
Let faces beam—let hearts no more be sad,
For Truth and Righteousness reign o'er our land!

Aye, ring out Christmas bells—the Christ proclaim,
Who erst came down to earth to make man free!
Shout, shout His praise, and pray that His dear name
May bless our land—have sway from sea to sea!

“HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE”

—Job 23:10.

“He knoweth the way that I take,”
For 'tis He that leadeth me on;
My journey I'll cheerfully make,
Nor fear though the sunlight is gone.

“He knoweth the way that I take,”
For He seeth wherever I go;
No doubt shall my confidence shake,
Nor peril affright me, I know.

“He knoweth the way that I take,”
For 'tis He that orders my way,
And until the glad morning shall break
I will patiently wait for the day.

For forth from the furnace of fire—
'Tis as true to-day as of old—
What though the flames roar in their ire,
There cometh at length the pure gold.

How blessed to us is this Word—
The promise of life manifold—
Diviner truth never was heard,
From the fire we shall come forth as gold!

Then faithfully take up thy load,
With countenance cheerful and bold,
What though through the fires wind thy road,
When tried, thou shalt come forth as gold!

“He knoweth the way that I take,”
It is true as it was when first told,
Nor flames can my trust in Him shake,
From their wrath I shall come forth as gold!

THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

*"This is the land of the dying; but I look towards the land
of the living."*—Increase Mather.

This, this is the land of the dying,
Where we sicken and then slip away;
But I look for the land of the living,
Where are found neither death nor decay.

This, this is the land of the sighing,
Where the heart sorely wounded oft bleeds;
But I look towards the land upward lying,
And exult as my path thither leads!

This, this, is the land of the tainted,
Where deeds of deep darkness are done;
But I look towards the land of the sainted,
And rejoice as my feet hasten on!

This, this is the land of deceiving,
Where delusion and guile bruise the heart;
But I look towards the land of believing—
How I long for that land to depart!

Yes, this is the land of the dying,
Land of sickness and sorrow and sin;
But I look towards the land death-defying,
Into which death can ne'er enter in.

Aye, this is the land of the dying—
Land of anguish and heart-rending pain;
But I look towards the land upward lying,
Where Life everlasting doth reign!



THE LORD'S DAY

Oh, day of days, so calm, so still,
So filled with quiet rest!
Let loving deeds the hours fulfil
And make this day the best!

Help us, dear Lord, through all its hours,
With thoughtful, loving care,
To consecrate to Thee our powers
In service, praise or prayer.

Touch thou in us the sweetest chord,
And tune our hearts to praise,
So shall this blessed day of rest
Become the best of days.

Let us remember then this day
And keep it holy still;
Thus shall we find and take the way
To do the Father's will.

HYMN FOR EASTER

The Saviour lives! This Easter morn gives token
That hence has passed the fear of Death's sharp pains;
He lives, He lives! The tomb's dread bars are broken;
Shout hallelujah! Death no longer reigns!

Let all the nations come and bow before Him,
And all our tongues unite His praise to tell,
Till North and South and East and West adore Him.
And over all the earth His peans swell!

Awake, glad hymn and song this Easter morning,
In strains seraphic sing His glorious praise;
Let peerless lilies form a crown adorning
His blessed brow on this great day of days!

Aye, crown Him King and Lord—of dead and living—
The Lord of Life, triumphant o'er the grave;
This highest laud and honor still be giving,
He suffered, died and rose—the lost to save.

The Saviour lives! Oh, sing and shout the story;
Speed, speed the glad good news from shore to shore!
And make the whole wide world blaze with the glory
Of one grand Easter day forevermore!

(1898)

“ARE THEY FEW THAT BE SAVED?”

From the East and the West they are coming in throngs,
From the North and the South with their shouts and their songs,
From the highlands and lowlands—the hills and the plains—
They are trooping to heaven with joyous refrains!

They are coming in multitudes—crowding the way!
They are coming by night, they are coming by day,
From the hut and the hall, both the small and the great,
With their faces alight and their bosoms elate!

They are shifting from sorrow and parting from pain,
They are ceasing from sighing—are singing again—
For the trials of earth do not reach unto heaven,
Where all tears are forgotten, all sins are forgiven!

“Are they few that be saved?” What’s the answer, I pray?
Many millions of souls haste along the highway
To the mansions above where, for our needy race,
Jesus now is preparing for millions a place!



CLASS HYMN
(Rockingham)

Our Father, at Thy feet we bow,
Our sins confess—our guilt make known;
Hear Thou the prayer we offer now,
As suppliants before Thy throne.

Rev'rent we seek for sovereign grace,
And agonize in fervent prayer;
Grant us Thine aid and may Thy face,
Benign, shine on us everywhere!

Forth to the conflict swift we move,
With hearts aflame and courage high;
We'll triumph in Thy conquering love,
Or on the field of battle die!

And when the storm and strife are done,
And victors' wreathes and crowns are given,
Grant us admission, through Thy Son,
To mansions now prepared in Heaven!

Sung at graduation from Bates Theological School in June, 1872.

EASTER

O, Easter bells, with joyful peal,
Glad echoes waken far and wide;
Let every cheerful tone reveal
The hopes that in our hearts abide.

For Jesus first on Easter morn
Unbarred the gates of the dread tomb;
And life and love anew were born,
And light broke forth amid the gloom.

Then strike thy strings, exultant Lyre!
Let sweetest music swell in praise;
O, Spirit, touch each tongue with fire,
The while we chant our joyous lays.

O, thou, my heart, be glad and sing;
Proclaim thy joy with tuneful voice;
And while the heavenly arches ring,
Let every soul on earth rejoice!

Since Jesus lives—oh, truth divine!
I too shall live, this house of clay
May fail and fall—this soul of mine
Shall burst its shell and soar away!

Yes, Jesus lives—in triumph reigns—
While Death, that dreaded monster, dies;
And since He lives this truth obtains,
That from the grave I shall arise.

Then let the Easter bells ring out
And wake glad echoes far and wide;
Let happy voices sing and shout
And swell the joy this Easter-tide!

Tell out the tidings—Death is slain,
Its poisonous sting is plucked away,
And Life forevermore shall reign,
The Lord is risen! 'Tis Easter day!

(Park Street or Duke Street)

LEWIS L. L. ALLEN—(August 31, 1900)

A tiny bird with drooping wing
Flew slowly past my home one day,
And as I watched it seemed to say,
"No more can I the old songs sing!"

What put such plaints within its throat?
I asked in vain—it would not say;
But there it sat beside the way
And croaked forth still that strange sad note.

But watching closely while it sang,
I soon could see the reason clear
The birdie's voice had lost its cheer—
Nor from it notes of gladness rang.

The little bird was growing old,
Its eye was dim—it could not see;
The bird that once sang joyously
Could sing no more with accents bold.

For age, that sly old foe of youth,
Had roughly caught it by the wing,
And plucked away its power to sing,
And given it quavering voice, forsooth!

And so, indeed, age comes to man—
Makes him to walk with knocking knees—
Turns youthful joys to mockeries—
And puts his gladness under ban!

His raven hair now turns to gray,
His eagle eye or squints or blinks;
While others toil he sits and thinks—
It matters not—or night—or day.

He walks so feebly down the street;
He climbs so slowly up the hill;
He falters on—sometimes stands still—
Then forward fares with faltering feet!

He fears the thing that men call high,
And tremors haunt him all the time;
The Almond tree—abloom with rime—
Foretells that winter time is nigh!

And many wrinkles—fateful signs—
Appear upon his brow and face;
Life's sun is hasting on apace—
Behind the western hills declines!

But such sad serious words as these
Are clearly out of tune to-night;
Our hearts exult with fond delight
And glow with gladsome memories.

For he whose scores of years we sing
Is still so strong and young and fair;
Note that clear eye—that raven hair—
Or hear his mellow laughter ring!

And can the years be seventy-five
Since this old toiling troubled earth
Was made the brighter by his birth?
Can youth and grace so long survive?

Indeed we know the secret well
Why he still smiles or cheerily sings;
Do we not know of wondrous springs
Whose waters work such miracle?

Who drinks these waters ne'er grows old,
Nor bends beneath life's burdens great,
But forges on with heart elate,
And manly stride, and spirit bold.

Thence didst thou drink, my brother dear,
And eagle-like renewed thy youth—
Didst feed thy soul on heavenly truth,
While perfect love did cast out fear!

And so the years have swept along,
And thou hast kept thy youthful face—
Of white thy hair shows scarce a trace—
Old age to thee doth not belong.

Ah, me! I'll sing but softly now—
One dearer far than life could be
For heavenly home long since left thee—
Before that storm the oak did bow.

But thou dost cherish hope in Him
Who erstwhile set heaven's gates ajar,
And made the glory land afar
To weeping eyes no more seem dim.

God bless thee, brother! May this day
Be jubilant with Christian cheer;
"Happy returns" for many a year,
Till Jesus calls thee home for aye!

THE PINE TREE STATE

Are you speaking of the glory
That these states of ours can show—
Of the glory that grows brighter through the years?
Then I'll sing you of the glory
That makes one state that I know
Greater yet than any other of its peers!

For its mountains are more lofty,
And its lakelets more serene,
And its streamlets flow more swiftly toward the sea;
While its orchards and its woodlands,
And the smiling vales between,
Make it dearer and more beautiful to me.

All along its rugged coast-line
You may hear the breakers roar,
And may see the heaving waters clothed in spray;
You may breathe the grateful ozone
As you walk along the shore
And you while the dear delightful hours away!

You may sail upon the bosom
Of the vast and mighty sea,
Or may plunge with exultation in its waves;
You may toss upon its billows
Heaving ever restlessly,
Or may roam along its shorelands while it raves!

Should you take delight the rather
In the highlands and the hills,
You may find them piled together mountain high,
While adown their rocky channels
Leap the laughing little rills,
And their music thrills your heart as they rush by.

See the rivers sweeping onward
As if hindrance to defy—
Leaping over every barrier in their flight,
Yielding power to turn the spindle
And to make the shuttle fly,
And dispel the deepest darkness of the night!

Here are found the mighty forests
Where the wild beasts roam at will—
Where the silence is unbroken by man's voice—
Where the sunlight never enters
Through the branches dense and still,
And the sound of axe and hammer ne'er annoys.

Have you seen its lakelets, placid
When the winds are hushed at eve,
Leaping wildly, lashed to fury by the storm,
Making lovelier the landscape
Than you scarcely could conceive
With their comeliness and matchlessness of form?

Have you ridden on those turnpikes
That go winding on their way,
With kaleidoscopic views of woods and fields—
Here you glimpse a shining lakelet—
There the brooklets laugh and play,
While anon an open scene its beauty yields?

Here the trailing shy Arbutus
Hides itself among the leaves,
Yet exhales its subtle fragrance on the breeze
There some lofty mountain top
A crown of light receives—
Half-revealed and yet half-hidden by the trees.

Noble trees, whose lofty arches
Sweep the skies above so blue,
Oak and maple, beach and birch, both tall and fine,
And you listen to their rustling,
As you take your journey through,
And the whispering of the melancholy pine!

Shall I sing of warriors—statesmen—
Of the men of splendid fame—
Who have helped to build and guide the ship of state?
Of the Ministers and Doctors,
Authors, too, of noble name—
Men whose names are written large among the great?

I will sing of lovely women,
Rosy-cheeked and passing fair,
Of whose beauty fond old lovers always prate;
May I say that you can nowhere
Find the women that compare
With the peerless ones that live within this state!

Shall I sing of poets—artists—
Of the singers of renown,
Who've attuned their souls to music and to art—
Of its noble common people,
From the farm or from the town,
Whose remembrance thrills with joy my throbbing heart?

How I glory in her churches
And her scholarship revere,
While my heart exultant leaps with bounding joy!
But the time would fail to tell
What makes that state so dear—
That old state I lived and loved in when a boy!

These are merely adumbrations
Of the glories of my State,
That great tomes from mighty pens could not contain!
Just a brief and hurried mention—
Hints of things both fine and great,
That make glorious my native state of Maine!

RAYMOND ROBINS
(An Appreciation)

In thoughtful moods I've often wished
That I had lived long years ago,
When He was clad in human form
Who came the way of God to show;

That I had walked with Him about,
And talked with Him of heavenly things;
That I had seen Him face to face,
And known the joy such vision brings.

Oh, how my heart would laugh and sing,
And life would grow both fine and sweet,
If I might with Him humbly stand,
Or sit—His loved one—at His feet!

But this I know—His word this tells—
That He within us doth abide,
That even now He walks with us,
And in our very hearts doth hide!

And while the days pass swiftly by
He makes us more like Him to be,
So that our brothers in our eyes
And our rapt faces Him shall see!

And so I saw, when late mine eyes
Beheld that man of lofty speech
Who told us of deep social need,
I saw the Master—heard Him preach!

BOW DOWN THY HEAD, COLUMBIA
(On the assassination of President McKinley)

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," bow down thy head in shame!
For tarnished is thy glory, and dishonored is thy name!
From lake to lake, from sea to sea, all gladness has fled,
For bloody hand has slain our chief—our President is dead!

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," oh, nation free and great,
Nor longer boast thy freedom—thy glorious estate—
For every heart from east to west, is overwhelmed with grief,
Since cruel, fateful Anarchy has stricken down our chief!

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," nor more vain-glorious be,
Nor boast of institutions great to those beyond the sea;
Is this thy vaunted Liberty of which the poets sing—
Whose lofty praise by Freedom's sons has made the welkin ring?

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," in abject misery,
While craven souls and cruel pose as sons of Liberty;
For cowards strike, disguised as friends, then fiend-like grin
and mock.
While all the land, from north to south, lies prostrate from the
shock.

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," then lift it up again,
And show to all the lands afar the pride of free-born men!
Despite this stroke of Anarchy, still thou art nobly free,
And Righteousness shall yet prevail from "sea to shining sea!"

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," bow down thy head in prayer,
In sincere, fervent, pleadings let each patriot soul now share;
That God may heal this grievous hurt and purge away this stain,
Nor let our martyred President thus die for us in vain.

Great God of nations! hear our prayer—let Truth and Honor
meet;
Let Righteousness and Peace unite and speed with flying feet!
Let baleful, bloody Anarchy forevermore be banned,
And law, benign, majestic, rule throughout this happy land!

"Bow down thy head, Columbia," thy pleading shall be heard,
And God will answer thee, indeed, according to His word;
And from this night of grief and gloom will break a brighter day;
Great God of nations! bow Thine ear and answer while we pray!

"THE WINDOW OF HOPE"

Baffled and buffeted, badgered with care,
Doubtful, distrustful, depressed—in despair!
Shifting about, anyhow, anywhere—
Lacking the will with the Tempter to cope,
Vainly I sought for a "window of hope!"

On the way forward the pathway seemed dark,
And the way backward my feet "missed the mark,"
All the way, nothing but fretting and cark—
Forward or backward, blindly I grope—
Where shall I look for a "window of hope!"

Fiercely the conflict raged on in my breast,
Where deadly passions surged, wild, unrepressed,
And vices rioted—I was possessed!
Nothing for me but to moil and to mope,
While I sought vainly the "window of hope!"

But as I wandered on, not caring where,
Weighted with woe, overwhelmed with despair,
Too sunken for hope, and too hardened for prayer,
Came to my ears, as I slipped down the slope,
Cheerful "hello" from a "window of hope!"

Friendliness shone from that bright, beaming face,
Bade me to struggle—o'ercome my disgrace—
Lift up my head and take a man's place!
Then I determined with evil to cope;
Oh, I thank God for that "window of hope!"

"Window of hope" and of solace to-day,
Lighting life's pathway with luminous ray,
While I fare forward upon the King's way!
Open the window and fling out a rope—
"Life-line" indeed, from the "window of hope!"

A man who had fallen and repented again and again, on the brink of utter despair, had resolved to take his life and was on the way to fulfill that purpose, when a friendly voice called to him from a window above, and bade him to be of good courage and try once more. It proved to be the turning point in his career; he reformed and became a man! Ever after he called the window, from which the friendly voice rang out, the "window of hope."

THE MAGI AND THE STAR.

"Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are coming to worship Him." —Matt. 2:2.

Afar, in lands that greet the morning sun
In splendor, when a new day is begun,
And fervid glow until the day is done—
In lands of wondrous tales, where fancy reigns,
And marvels strange are sung in silvery strains—
In those far lands of oriental glory
Is laid the scene of our first Christmas story:

This Christmas story of that land afar
Is named by us, "The Magi and the Star."

Long had the world been locked in slumber deep,
Long had the heavens seemed folded fast in sleep;
Long had the night usurped the place of day,
Until it seemed to hold unbroken sway;
And still, amid the gloom that, like a pall,
Dark, somber, held the great wide world in thrall,
A glimmering of light would reach some sage,
And thus disclose the darkness of that age,
As if through rift in cloud a shining star
Should flash its splendrous light down from afar—
A momentary gleam to bring some cheer,
And soon give place to gloom and disappear.

So Abraham, the faithful seer of old,
A great and glorious vision did behold,
And, peering through vague vistas, far away,
Rejoiced to see by faith Messiah's day.

So Moses, looking forth with keener eye,
Caught glimpses of that glory drawing nigh,
And sang of Prophet mighty, who should dwell
With men—the peerless King of Israel!

So David caroling in tuneful strain,
Would crown his song with jubilant refrain,
As if angelic hosts had joined the song,
And swelled the chorus as it swept along—
A mighty chorus sounding forth the praise
For matchless mercies from the Lord of grace!

And thus Isaiah—Messianic seer—
Whose eyes were wondrous bright and clear,
Whose lips were cleansed to tell the gracious story,
The coming of that day of lustrous glory—
When all our doubts and fears should pass away,
And night should be transformed to glorious day,
In vision saw that day from times afar—
Foretold the rising of the Morning Star!

And so philosopher and pagan seer
Saw visions also—somewhat vague, yet clear—
Of nobler ages and increasing light,
When dawn, at length, should spring from out the night,
When in some later happier time, though far,
Should rise for men the “bright and Morning Star.”

Nor were these baseless fabrics, stuff for dreams,
Nor idle fancies, merely passing gleams
Of light—a “will-o’-wisp,” to flash and die,
And leave the world in deeper misery!

Would God, indeed, so mock aspiring men—
Raise high their hopes, then dash them down again?
What! do as gods to Tantalus of old,
Before his parched lips the cup to hold,
And when he fain would drink snatch it away?
Do mortals now to such grim monsters pray?

Does not God hear the suppliant’s feeble cry?
Does He not heed, forsooth, his faintest sigh?
Does He not pity with a love so deep,
As makes the weeping eyes no longer weep?
And so when rose to heaven man’s longing cry,
A great new Star blazed forth in eastern sky!

In oriental climes the “wise men” saw
That blazing beacon, lit by occult law,
And read its message; even lands afar
Had seen the promise of a wondrous star
That soon would shine where Judah’s name held sway—
The harbinger of blessed glorious day;
And thus the star to them the news did bring
That in Judea was born the Lord and King!

And thus the Magi came to find the place
Where He was born—of lowly human race—
Who, though begirt with only mortal clod,
Was still the Lord of heaven—the Son of God!

Though coming from that land so strange and far,
They humbly followed the prophetic star,
And while their faith was faint, forsooth, and dim,
They offered Him rich gifts and worshiped Him!

The Song of the Magi

Oh, come let us adore Him
And carol His praise;
Oh, come bow down before Him—
The "Ancient of days."

In sweet song and in story
We'll herald His name,
And we'll tell forth His glory
With joyous acclaim.

Lo! as that star ascended
In splendor on high,
Then Jesus descended
To bring heaven nigh!

Aye, down from heavenly portals
He came in His love
To impart to us mortals
The life from above.

Oh, thou bright Star of morning,
Shine on still the same,
This dull earth adorning
With Thy blessed name.

Oh, come bow down before Him
The "Ancient of days,"
And while angels adore Him
We'll tell forth His praise!

Now as the Magi sought the place to find
Where He was born—the King of all mankind—
That they might humbly bow before His feet,
And give Him largess—as for Princes meet—
The scribes with care searched through the written law,
And therein this prophetic promise saw:

"Thou, Bethlehem, in Judah's land,
Doth not least 'mong the Princes stand;
For out of thee shall One come forth
To rule my people on the earth
And shepherd be to Israel!"
Thus did the prophet bard foretell.

Then went the wise men swiftly on their way,
Nor cared they for the light of flaming day,
For that great Star before them still did shine,
Until they came to where our Lord divine—
(Born in a stable, cradled with the kine!)
Lay as a helpless babe in that strange place!
Oh, condescension marvelous! what grace
That He should enter life by such low birth
Who was, indeed, the King of heaven and earth!

The place was bare—a cave within a rock—
Affording shelter scant for herd and flock;
About were bleating sheep and lowing kine;
The while heaven's glory all around did shine!

Sweet Mary and her spouse—of low estate—
Had reached the over-crowded khan too late,
And so were fain to take the meaner fare,
And with the flocks their humble lodgings share.

It needs no facile pen to paint the scene—
The dark grim rocks, by nature rent, I ween,
So that they formed a shelter, rough and rude,
Where patient oxen, ruminating, stood.

Here Joseph, sturdy swain, with kind intent,
Had led his wife, by toilsome journey spent,
And made for her a couch of fragrant hay,
And there, awaiting morn, she humbly lay.

Sweet Mary! artists fine have vainly striven
To paint her face, transfigured by her love,
Although they made it like an angel's, straight from heaven,
Irradiate with splendor from above!

Pensive it seemed, for thoughts sprung in her breast,
Too deep for speech—too pure for mortal mind;
And while she lay on that rude couch for rest,
A heavenly light throughout that stable shined.

Her heart was brimming with its tender love—
Her shining face transfigured with the light—
The while she waited for the hosts above
To wake the heavens with joy that holy night!

And there, 'mid lowing kine and bleating sheep,
While all the world was locked in peaceful sleep,
Was born that night—how lowly was His birth!
Our Lord and Saviour, King of heaven and earth!

For cradle naught but crib of ox was there
In which to lay that Babe so wondrous fair;
For friends to greet him naught but patient kine—
Such was the welcome for the Lord divine!

Then Mary, rapt with joy began to sing
A tender lullaby to charm the King.

Song of Mary

Hush, hush, my darling,
Sweet be thy slumber;
Sleep on, my darling,
Hosts without number
Gather about thee to guard and defend thee;
Bend now above Thee,
Dear little stranger!
Fondly they love Thee—
Protect Thee from danger;
All the bright angels their glory will lend Thee!

Sleep on, my sweet One,
Sleep till the dawning—
Oh, my dear loved One!
Of the bright morning
Shall bring to our eyes the glad light of the day;
Oh, my sweet angel!
From heaven bringing
Such glad evangel
As sets mortals singing,
Thou King, O my Baby, from realms far away!

And as she lay and crooned her happy song,
The babe slept sweetly in that manger bare,
While all the mighty hosts of storied wrong,
Trembling, withdrew within their hidden lair.

For He had come on earth as King to reign—
Their pride and power were broken by His birth;
Thenceforth their warfare would be waged in vain—
The King had come—the Lord of heaven and earth!

And so the star the Magi saw shone still,
As on they journeyed from Jerusalem,
And made their pathway light for them until
They reached the little town of Bethlehem.

How rightly named, in truth, was that dear place,
A "house of bread" to hungry mortals given!
For in that little town, to our lost race,
The Bread of Life came down from God in Heaven!

And when they saw the child, before His feet
The wise men bowed and worshiped reverently,
And gave to Him such costly gifts as meet,
For gracious sovereign come from heaven was He!

The Song of Bethlehem

"O little town of Bethlehem,"
What "signs" in thee were wrought,
In those days when the three wise men
Rich gifts to Jesus brought.

They saw His star in lands afar,
And journeyed many days,
Until they came to Bethlehem
And found the Lord of grace.

Out on the plains where lowly swains
Their faithful vigils kept,
And watched their flocks among the rocks,
While they securely slept,

A wondrous light shone forth at night—
Set the wide heavens aflame—
While far and nigh throughout the sky
The shining angels came!

'Mid hopes and fears through weary years
The world had waited long,
But now the night flamed out with light
And thrilled with glorious song!

For then was hymned to mortals
By that angelic throng,
Loud, sweet and clear, with gladsome cheer,
The first great Christmas song!

"Peace upon earth; good will to men,"
The heavenly chorus sang;
The while on high the arching sky
With glorious anthems rang!

And still those heavenly angels,
In songs without surcease,
His glories sing—our gracious King,
And blessed "Prince of Peace!"

And now that olden tale I here repeat,
Of eastern wise men and their journey far,
Who laid their costly tributes at the feet
Of Him for whom blazed forth that wondrous star.

Nor would I here repeat the story old—
Of Jesus' coming down from heaven to earth—
Simply to tell a tale that's often told
Of Jesus' advent by such lowly birth.

To find its deeper meaning—make it plain—
That is the graver purpose of my mind,
And from such clearer view haply to gain
A truer love our hearts to His to bind.

Before He came how darksome was the earth!
No glorious light shone from the heavens above.
Until that night when Jesus had His birth
Day was as night without or light or love.

Until He rose—the Sun—and brightly shone,
Man groped, forsooth, in devious, doubtful ways,
And stumbled oft—wandered about alone—
Condemned to dwell in darkness all his days!

Yet, though his hope was dim, he longed for day,
The rising of the sun—the breaking morn;
And, while in that dark, brooding state he lay,
The morning broke, and Jesus Christ was born!

Was born our Lord—o'er all the earth the King!
How rude the greeting in that stable bare!
No crown was placed on Him, nor signet ring,
And sheep and kine mute welcome gave Him there!

Too lowly He—too humble of estate—
That Prince of earth to Him should homage pay;
No palace oped for Him among the great,
But with the patient kine and sheep He lay!

Nor needed He the costly gifts of earth,
Who was the King of kings by heavenly right;
For, though He came to us in lowly birth,
His head was crowned with everlasting light!

'Twas thus the Magi brought from lands afar
Their homage—costly offerings at His birth,
While still above them shone that wondrous Star,
Messiah's advent heralding to earth.

Angelic hosts proclaimed Him King, in truth,
While all the skies were lit with heavenly flame;
And would a king by heaven proclaimed, forsooth,
Esteem mere earthly plaudit or acclaim?

Oh, slowly, slowly, while the years have sped,
Has He been coming to His rightful throne;
How fast the flying centuries have fled,
And still in many lands He waits unknown!

Long ages, passing, have been swept along
Since wise men brought their offerings from afar,
Or shepherds heard, amazed, the angel's song,
Or shone o'er Bethlehem that wondrous Star!

Ages of wrong and crime and blood and strife!
And yet He came to give to wrong surcease!
Dark ages, reeking war, with madness rife,
And yet they sang of Him as "Prince of Peace!"

But surely, surely, through these ages long,
Still upward mounts in splendor that great Sun!
And onward comes the golden age, when wrong
Shall be o'ercome and all its evil done!

For God will doubtless bring the time when Right
Shall reign supreme and every ill efface;
Nor does He need to haste who comes with might
And steadily mounts up to His high place!

Aye, mighty even now His glorious reign,
As o'er the nations wide extends His sway;
While near and far—upon the land and main—
Already dawns the bright millennial day!

Great nations strive to heed His high command,
Nor dare do aught that He would disapprove;
Full soon will come the time when every land
Will be transformed—exalted—by His love!

Each Christmas brings the day more near
And slow-winged cycles move on swifter wing;
And soon, ah, soon, the great day will appear
When every voice with joy shall shout and sing!

He reigns! He reigns e'en now! our gracious King!
Whom Magi worshipped from those lands afar;
With hallelujahs make the welkin ring—
The Sun has risen and dimmed that wondrous Star!

The Babe of Bethlehem, though lowly born,
Whose advent was proclaimed by Star and sage,
Was harbinger, indeed, of coming morn—
The dawning of this great and glorious age!

The Magi long since passed—no more the Star
Is seen by wise men in the east to shine;
But Jesus reigns, and nations, near and far,
Acknowledge Him as King and Lord divine!

Song for Christmas

Then let the bells of Christmas ring,
Their glorious praise upwinging,
While happy hearts fond tributes bring,
And all glad souls are singing.

Chorus:

Oh, sing His praise
In gladsome lays—
To Him fond tributes bringing;
His praise repeat
With voices sweet—
Let all glad souls be singing.

Sing, sing as sang the angel hosts—
Good news to mortals bringing;
Tell out His love to far-off coasts,
Let all glad souls be singing.

Bow down as Magi bowed of old—
Devotion pure upspringing;
Declare His mercies manifold—
Let all glad souls be singing.

Aye, sing His praise who reigns in love—
Let all the bells be ringing;
Great joy on this high day approve,
Let all glad souls be singing.

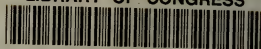
Sing, sing, the mighty Saviour reigns!
Love is, in truth, upspringing;
Each Christmas-tide new glory gains—
Let all glad souls be singing!

Chorus:

Aye, sing His praise
In joyous lays—
To Him rich gifts be bringing;
With voices sweet
His praise repeat—
Let all glad souls keep singing!



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